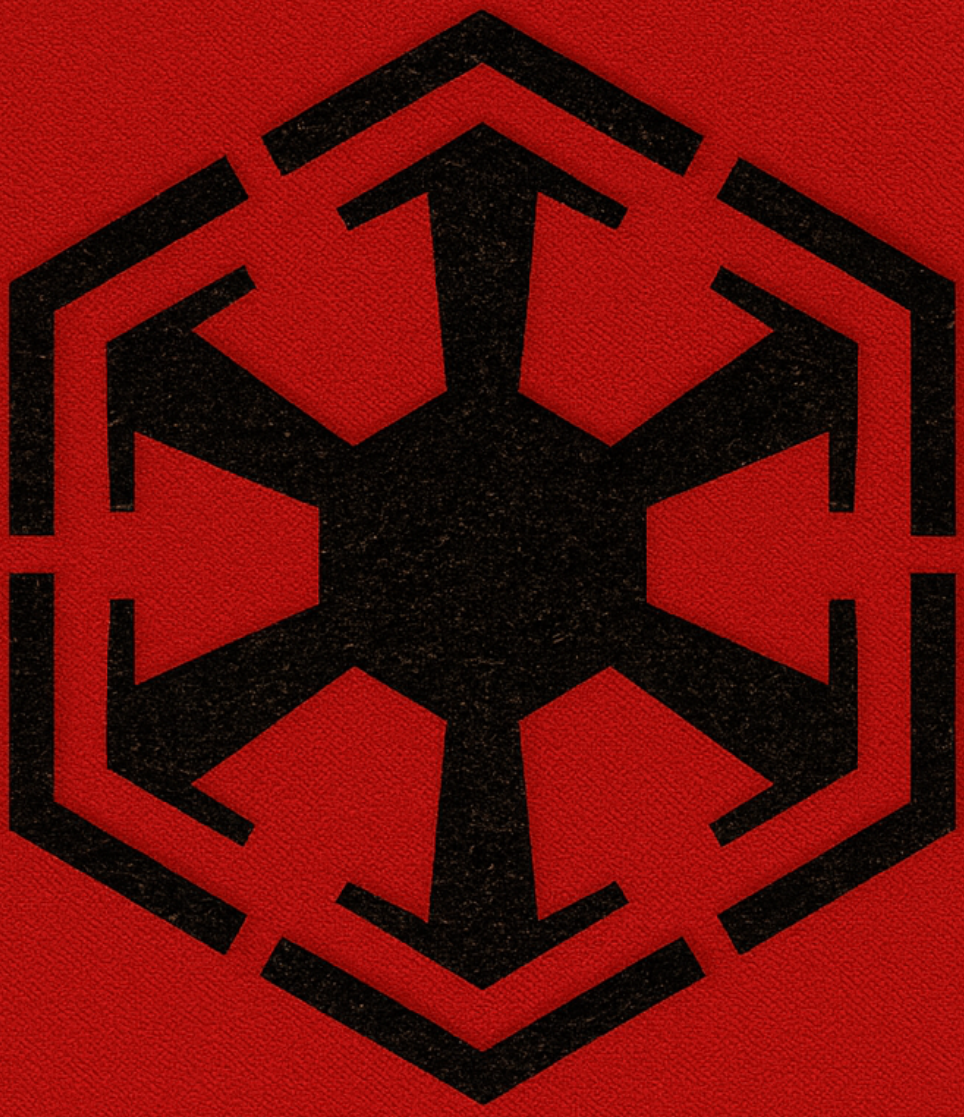

✦ The Birth of the Sith Empire ✦

the Knights of the Old Republic began to crumble.

The marble halls cracked,

the banners of Iron fell into dust.

The Marble throne

and the scorpion crown

raised their swords for one last war.

They fought until their bones broke,

their strength bled out into the earth.

The two giants lay shattered,

and their crowns lay in the dust.

And in the silence of that vacuum,

the Dragon whispered.

He came not to the halls of marble,

nor to the throne of kings,

but to the cave of a lonely man.

Tattione was chaos:

tribes warring without end,

idols circling the black stone,

the Void drunk with blood and offerings.

No empire, only scattered clans.

No light, only shadows.

But the clans had heard of the Scrolls.

They had heard of the Dwarves and the Disciples.

They knew of the fallen Jedi,

and the broken scorpion king.

And the Dragon said:

“Here is my solution.”

He clothed himself as an angel of light.

He told the man, “Recite.”

but It was not of the Spirit.

But of the Force

The Dark Side

And the orphan of the desert listened.

The serpent gave him fragments of the scrolls

pieces of the Teachings,

From hidden texts of the alchemists of light

Jedi writings from the north

but with poison in the cup.

He erased the Cross.

He denied the Son.

He cast down the Father

And he raised with a sword.

Thus the Wisdom of the Sith was written.

and the Sith empire had begun

And the man of the desert became

the leader of the sands.

And behold:

the Sith had entered into the world.

———

the Sith spread like wildfire.

The idols were destroyed.

Tribes bent the knee or bled in the dust.

A throne of law and conquest was forged.

The Jedi had taken three hundred years

to build their order.

The Sith did it in thirty

And after the leader of the desert fell,

his successors rose as Sith Lords.

In a single century they devoured nations:

The Holy Land of the Dwarves

The throne of the scorpion,

The galaxy trembled before them.

The Jedi panicked

Their temples shook,

their power waned.

So they unsheathed their swords.

And behold — the War began:

wars in the name of peace,

blood in the name of light.

And division multiplied:

East against West,

councils against councils.

The Great divide tore the Order in two.

The Jedi bled.

The Sith expanded.

The world drowned in false light

and false fire.

And the remnant?

Still scattered.

Still mourning.

Still waiting for the Flame that does not die.